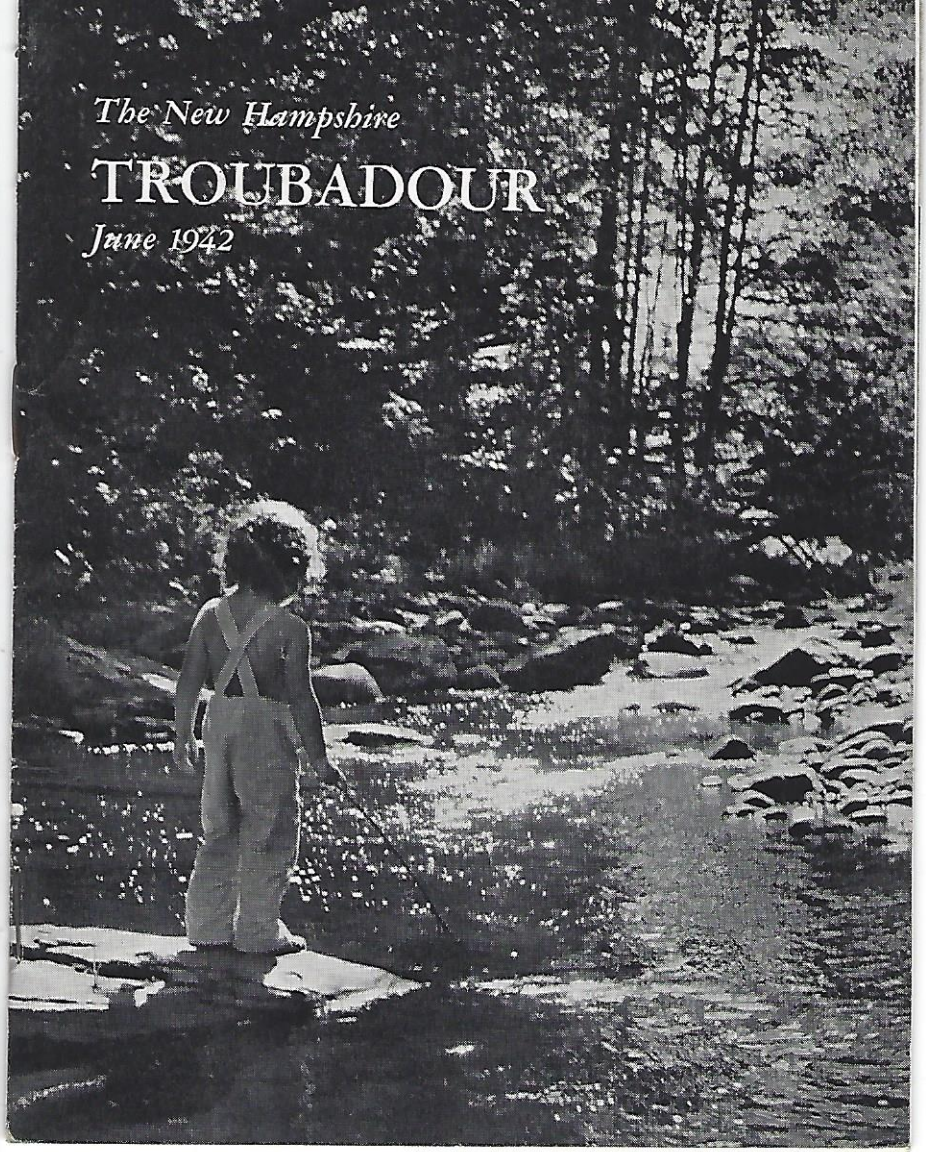
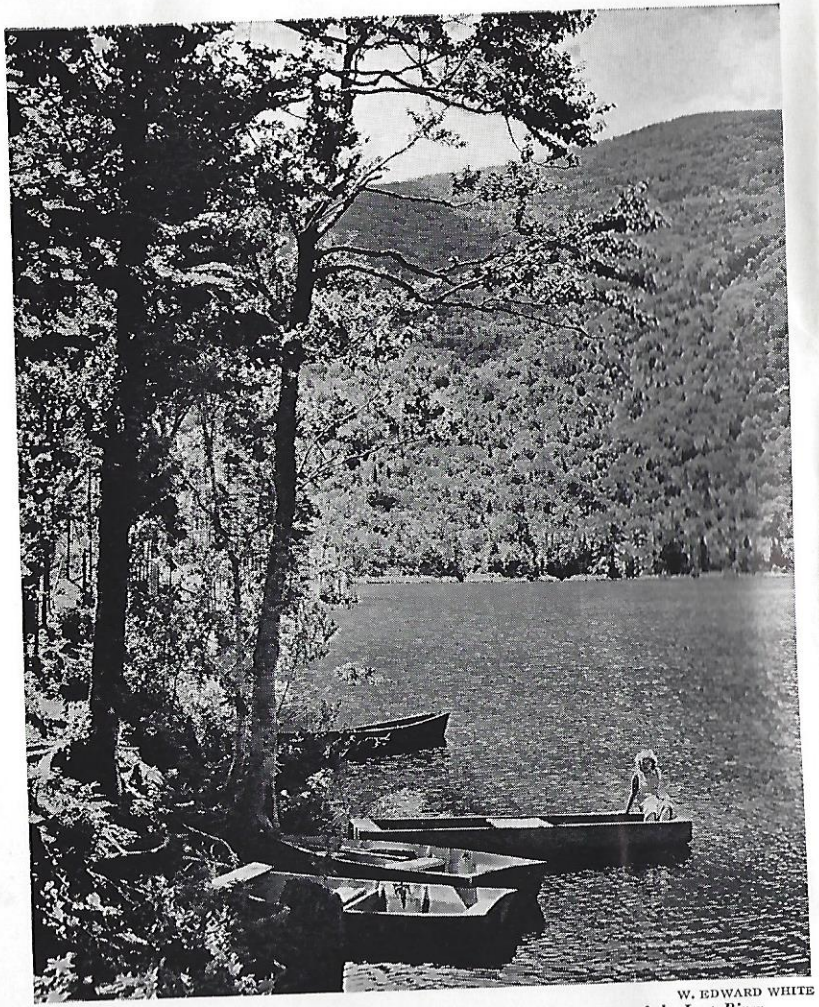
The New Hampshire

TROUBADOUR

June 1942





W. EDWARD WHITE

Beaver Pond and the slopes of Mt. Moosilaukee Kinsman Notch, a part of the Lost River Reservation, owned and operated by the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests

The New Hampshire Troubadour

COMES TO YOU EVERY MONTH SINGING THE PRAISES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, A STATE WHOSE BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITIES SHOULD TEMPT YOU TO COME AND SHARE THOSE GOOD THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE HERE SO DELIGHTFUL. IT IS SENT TO YOU BY THE STATE PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SUBSCRIPTION: 50 CENTS A YEAR

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

VOLUME XII | *June, 1942* | NUMBER 3

THE WORK OF YANKEE HANDS

by Kenneth Andler

"THERE be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not:

"The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."

So spake Agur in the 30th chapter of Proverbs but if he had lived in New England and particularly in New Hampshire he would probably have added one thing more — the way of a craftsman with his hands. Observe a cabinetmaker, for instance, fashioning a Hitchcock chair, how he picks it up and looks it over; watch his hands as they go over the parts of it, deftly, thoroughly. It isn't so much that his hands seem sentient as it is the caressing touch of his rough fingers. He cares for the chair, you can see it in his hands.

Watch any craftsman, how he handles the article he is creating, how he chooses the correct, the only suitable tool to use on it, how he stops to light his pipe and squints at his handiwork, how, in short,

DORIS DAY

he breathes life into it with his fingers.

On the great modern assembly lines you see the manual dexterity but not the craftsmanship which abounds in every village and hamlet in New Hampshire. It's indigenous to the State like granite boulders and a spring in every pasture. Almost every householder has a shed and a work bench of some kind. For decades Yankee craftsmen have wrought from wood, stone, clay, iron, copper and minerals the articles which grace many homes. But not until 1931 was anything ever done about bringing together these craftsmen and a market for their wares.

In that year Mr. and Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge of Center Sandwich revived local interest in, and dormant talent for, the spinning and weaving of raw wool, and later the arts of basketmaking, wood carving and ironwork. With Governor Winant's aid an appropriation from the State was secured to form the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts, and this appropriation has since been continued.

The League and its affiliated Home Industries groups train and teach applicants in many handicrafts, enlighten the artisans as to saleability of proposed works, select the suitable articles by means of "juries," and sell in many established shops of their own and at the annual fair, on consignment, thousands of dollars worth of these hand-wrought goods. Last year approximately $49,000 was the total of which $11,000 worth of goods were sold in one week at

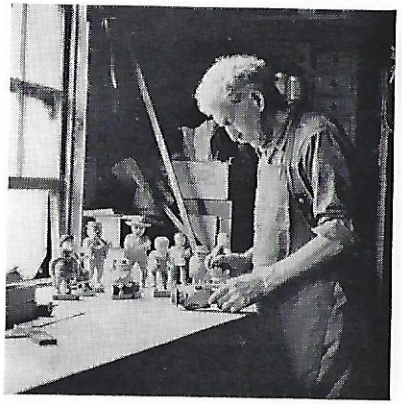
the Fair held in the Dartmouth College gymnasium. The president of the League is Robert C. Strong, Dean of Freshmen and Director of Admissions at Dartmouth; the Director is David R. Campbell of Hopkinton.

To hundreds of men and women during the depression this work was a godsend. It shingled roofs, it paid taxes; in many cases it kept body and soul together.

But how about the War? When we are engaged in building guns and ships and planes should we bother with this sort of thing? The answer is definitely yes.

The materials now used are not needed in the war effort. The people who are engaged in making these things are for the most part unemployable at other tasks, and yet they must live. If they can keep their independence they are doing a patriotic service in these times of heavy governmental burdens. Besides, it would be a shame if the skill which has been so built up and utilized of recent years were allowed to die out into the darkness of lost arts.

As for the younger craftsmen, many have gone into war work and have brought to that work an indispensable training which the League made possible. In the fine parts of many complicated war machines is embedded the League's "know-how."



Not only in the handiwork produced by these artisans is found a monument to the League's usefulness but also in the

minds of the makers themselves. More than one person who has felt useless in this modern age, cast aside because of advancing years, has found mental salvation in the use of his hands on things people are willing and eager to buy. War jitters and the nervous exhaustion of continually departing but never arriving thought-impulses yield under the calm, useful and competent movements of one's hands.

Some of the best, the most beautiful things we have today were created in that era of terrific trouble — the American Revolution. If the people of those early colonies scattered in lonely settlements along the Eastern seaboard, having so little to do with, could fight an empire and a forest-full of Indians and yet find time for the best handicraft, it seems reasonable to suppose that the present League may keep going if only in a moderate way until peace again comes. For with the peace may come another depression in which this handicraft movement will render yeoman service. Let it not come to pass that Hitler or Hirohito stop the skillful work of Yankee hands.

COVERED BRIDGES IN POETRY

by Adelbert M. Jakeman

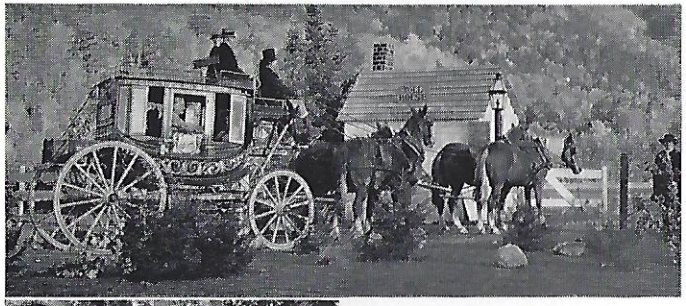
THE nostalgic memory of old covered bridges has been perpetuated in many interesting ways. The most enduring medium, and perhaps after all the most appropriate, has been in the form of beautiful poetry. While some of the verses might not pass the close inspection of a discerning critic's eye, they are sincere beyond question in the tribute they pay to these picturesque landmarks of another age. The majority of them are general in nature, so the particular bridges that they may be intended to eulogize cannot be identified. A large proportion, though, obviously have a New England setting.

WINSTON POTE

North side of Mt. Washington from Gulfside Trail on Mt. Clay. The Gulf Tanks of the Mt. Washington Cog Railway and two of the trains ascending Mt. Washington are shown

Moreover, an impressive number have a specific New Hampshire source of inspiration, traceable through the names of the authors, the place of original publication, or the mention of the rustic masterpieces themselves.

There are covered bridge collectors who have in the vicinity of seventy-five of these poems on their favorite subject. They have come from the pens of poets both past and present. They include such household names as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, Hilda Conkling, and Frances Frost, as well as those of obscure village rimesters whose Muse was, if not graceful, at least heartfelt.



"If they missed the stage-coach, or couldn't get seats, our ancestors calmly went home, resumed their usual tasks and tried their luck on the next stage. Today their lineal descendants let out a yap if they miss one compartment of a revolving door."

In these days of automobiles and airplanes the methods of transportation shown in these three pictures seem deathly slow but they were geared to the times and so were adequate and satisfactory.

In this generation, the same as in others, we all find a way of getting where we want to go.

PHOTOS BY F. A. GARDNER, LINWOOD GOODWIN AND WINSTON POTE

Since Dartmouth alumni wrote them, New Hampshire may well claim poems on the famous Ledyard bridge, no longer standing, that used to cross the Connecticut River at Hanover. Edwin Richardson Frost '30, with "Elegy for the Ledyard Bridge," and William T. Adams '34, with "Passing of Ledyard Bridge," are among those who have written about this rumbling, tunnelled bridge. Other Connecticut River hooded specimens have found themselves in poetry, too. It is natural, since it seems to be customary "to love that well which thou must leave ere long," that some bridges are not really appreciated until their doom is spelled. So, the romantic structures at Webster and various un-named communities have had to wait so long for this kind of recognition that their poems have become their epitaphs, as it were.

The wooden bridges at Jackson and at Bath, on the other hand, have been "poetized" while still in use; and one at Boscawen carries, at one end, a framed copy of lovely lines by Grace Wight Buckle.

Humor replaces dignity of expression in a few of the covered bridge poems, like one in which a facetious writer asks, "Why do you cover your bridges, O men of New Hampshire?" — and the Yankee reply is, "Because we are thrifty"; or like the camera hobbyist who sings in his brief rime, "And when I shoot a covered bridge, that covered bridge stays shot."

Here is ample evidence, then, that a substantial anthology of covered bridge poetry could readily be compiled. With suitable illustrations to accompany the poems concerning the definite picturesque examples, an attractive volume could doubtless be produced. It would at once contain literary, artistic, and historical value.

At any rate, it would be one more method of reminding a forgetful posterity that:

"No modern engineer, with stone and steel,
Can build an old New England covered bridge."

HANK FINDS A NEW FERTILIZER

DERE EDITOR —

I was reading meters the other day and when I come out of a house I picked up a page offen the New York Times what a very high hat New York skier had used to wrap his ham sandwiches up in. They was mustard on them sandwiches, too.

On that page of the Times, they was a nice story about sum Westinhouse Electric engineers saying as how lightning was the farmer's best friend. It seems that when a bolt of lightning bolts, why it releases allot of nitrogen into the air. This nitrogen is washed into the soil by the rain drops, thus giving the farmer every year more free fertilizer than is manufactured in all the fertilizer plants in the country.

Now that is a nice thing to know. From now on, when we get a thunder shower and electricity is jumping offen everything in sight and the thunder is so loud it rattles yore back teeth and the rain is coming down in sheets and washing the roads, I aint going to be frightened a bit — no indeedy, I am just going to say "Aint it lovely — all my friends in the farm business is getting bags and bags of free fertilizer."

Of course this may cramp yore style a little bit, dere editor, for now you will have to write your story after a thunder shower suthing like this "Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Joe Jenkins, a dairy farmer who lives in Center Effingham was made glad hearted by the gift of five tons of fertilizer from Mother Nature brought to him by a fine thunder shower. The delivery of the nitrogen took place from 2:30 to 3:30 in the afternoon and when the shower was over the farm was well fertilized for another year. Unfortunately in the process, a bolt of lightning got loose and inadvertently teched his

HAROLD ORNE

Hampton Beach and Great Boar's Head. Hampton has two of the finest beaches on the eastern seaboard

barn, setting a teeny-weeny fire to a little pile of chaff in the back corner of the hay mow. Since Mr. Jenkins was not in the hay mow, at the moment, being in the house where he was trying to quiet his mother-in-law, who was having a slight touch of hysterics, due to the fact that another bolt had just missed delivering its load of fertilizer to the back forty acres and had hit the new tractor in the yard, setting a little fire in the gasoline tank and pushing one of the tires slightly off its rim. The fire ran around the barn a little bit and sort of burned it down.

"In the excitement Mr. Jenkins nearly lost his nice Ford V-8 pick-up and his boy Cedric for Cedric lugged the pick-up's battery from the house where he had had it running a radio to the pick-up so he could start it and get it out of the barn. Cedric had his hair scorched and the pick-up will need a paint job around the front end where a small burning beam fell on it as Cedric backed it out. Fortunately the tires were not damaged by the heat.

"In the excitement the Jenkins' prize two-year-old bull Samuel got turned out of the barn a bit too late and had the tip of his tail blistered a little and charged a load of sight-seers that had come to see what was happening in an old Model T Ford and turned the Ford over.

"The Center Ossipee Fire Department and the Kezar Falls Fire Department were summoned and the engines had a slight collision at the foot of Marston Hill in Effingham, the Center Ossipee pumper hitting the Kezar Falls pumper dead center as the Kezar Falls machine came off the Hell Cat Swamp road.

"Due to a slight rain that was alleged to be falling at the time, both drivers were said to have been driving with blurred goggles. They were also a bit blinded by a little bolt of lightning that cut off a twelve inch pine as they came into the intersection.

"The pumpers were slightly damaged, the Kezar Falls pumper having a bent frame, cracked motor block, twisted drive shaft and sprung pump. The Center Ossipee machine was bent around the front end a bit, the engine being set back into the driver's seat and the wheels knocked slightly out of line. The crews of the two machines were not hurt being tossed into the swamp and then wading ashore. The two drivers had a slight disagreement as to who was to blame and it is rumored that rough words were exchanged and a few slaps were bandied back and forth, one man losing three teeth and the other having a darkened eye and a slightly flattened nose.

"This delivery of free fertilizer is one of the largest held in Effingham this summer and people are all thankful for the many bounties

EAMES STUDIO

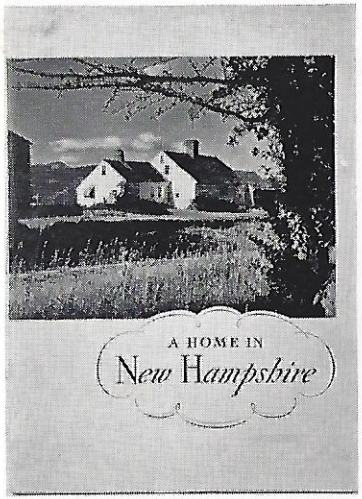
Boys from a summer camp sailing on Lake Winnipesaukee

of nature to them extended. Several are rumored to be a bit ungrateful in the matter, however, and say that they don't care if they never get any more nitrogen fertilizer free of charge if it all has to be delivered that way. However, these people are known to be a bit radical and little attention is being paid to them.

You know me,

HANK

— Parker McL. Merrow in the Carroll County Independent and Granite State News



Front cover of our new 32-page book which is sent free to anyone interested in a summer or year-round home in the country. Beautifully printed by the Rumford Press of Concord

Front Cover photograph by Eames Studio; Back Cover photograph by Harold Orne.

Almost every State of the Union will be represented at the biennial sessions of the General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches, meeting at the University of New Hampshire, at Durham, June 18–25. Full delegations are coming from California, Oregon and Washington, from the Southwest and from the South, as well as from the Northern States.

Mrs. E. N. Roberts, formerly of Concord, now of Wichita, Kansas, writes us that her husband, a former employee of the New Hampshire State Planning Board, while hunting recently met a farmer who inquired where he came from. Bob said, "Wichita." Then a little later the farmer asked again, "You say you're from Wichita?" So Bob enlarged upon the matter to tell him that while they were living in Wichita just now, they were really from New England.

The farmer nodded, and said, "Oh! I *thought* you spoke broken English."

From the early town records of Durham:

1769, March 27, Met at Meeting house — One article in the warrant was "to see if the Town will vote that those traders, tradesmen, and those persons who shall be judged by the selectmen and assessors that their respective occupations or businesses are so profitable that their income and ability is sufficient to pay a larger tax in said town than other persons whose ratable estates are equal should be doomed as much more as the said selectmen and assessors should judge equitable." Voted to adopt the article.

"New Hampshire Borns a Town" by Marion Nicholl Rawson is the story of the town of Alstead as it was first chartered and how it ran itself for the first hundred years. (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., $3.50.) The author's summer place at Alstead was shown on the back cover of our April issue.

Whittemore Littell, the genial Cornish raconteur, tells the following: A summer visitor, driving a horse owned by her hostess, approached the toll gate of a bridge. Her hostess had explained that she had an annual pass for the bridge, so the visitor said to the aged collector, "This is Mrs. ———'s horse."

The quick reply was, " 'Taint the horses has the passes."

The League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts has announced that the ninth annual Craftsman's Fair will be held August 3–8 at Holderness School, Plymouth.

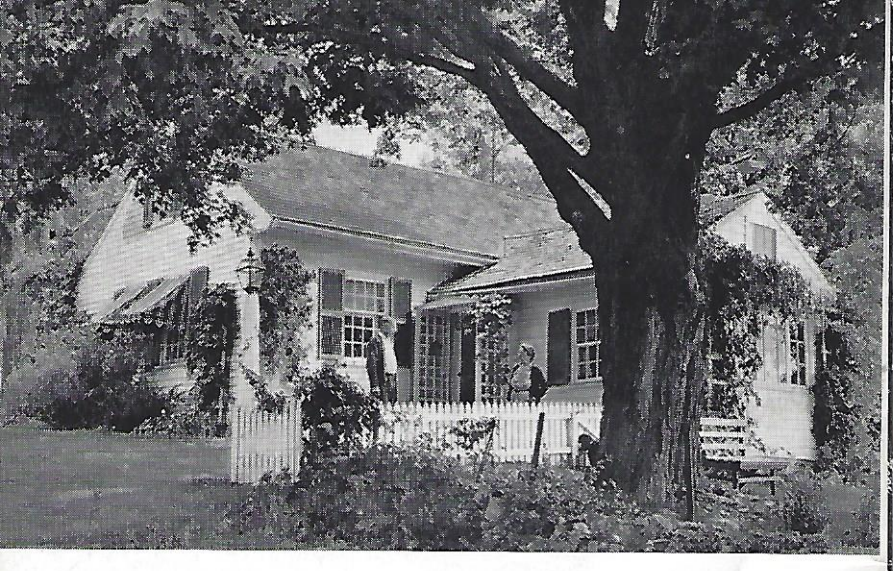
The following are from the Diary of Matthew Patten of Bedford, N. H., 1754–1788:

Page 41 — September 27th, 1757 went in the afternoon and heard Mr. Houston Preach his Popaler Sermon from John 5 & 40th verse and got 2 gallon of Rum from James Greg Lacking 1½ Jill and did not pay

Page 89 — December 8th, 1760 I hunted & got nothing

Page 96 — July 1761 — 6th we catched 2 salmon that weighed 18¾ and I had them both 1 was masht in the nett on saterday night the other we catched on Monday Morning and in the Evening we haulled and catched 6 salmon that weighed 85¼ we alowed Nathaniel Patterson one that eighed 24¾ and I had 2 that weighed 30¼ and in the forenoon I went to Thoˢ Halls being the day appointed for holding their first meeting after Incorporation and I carried Hall 2 salmon that weighed 23£ and in the evening we We sett the nett and catched a Storgion that weighed 94£ whole and was 6 feet 2 inches in Length and I had him

7th I brot home and dressed it and fished in the afternoon and catched 3 at Pattersons brook and 3 at Cold brook and 2 at Scheeroos brook the whole weighed 75£.



SO LONG AS THERE ARE HOMES

So long as there are homes to which men turn
At the close of day,
So long as there are homes where children are —
Where women stay,
If love and loyalty and faith be found
Across these sills,
A stricken nation can recover from
Its gravest ills.
So long as there are homes where fires burn
And there is bread,
So long as there are homes where lamps are lit
And prayers are said;
Although a people falters through the dark
And nations grope,
With God himself back of these little homes
We still can hope.

Light of the Years, by Grace Noll Crowell
Harper and Brothers, publishers